

The Holt County Sentinel.

VOLUME I

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1866.

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Holt County Sentinel.

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CHAS. W. BOWMAN.
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ADVERTISING TERMS.

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Each additional insertion, 75 cts.
One square three months, 6 00
One square six months, 10 00
One square one year, 18 00
One-fourth column one year, 25 00
One-half column one year, 45 00
One column one year, 85 00
Advertisers will please mark on their favors the number of times they wish them inserted.
Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Professional Cards.

W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OFFICE—East side of Public Square,
OREGON, - - - MISSOURI.

WILL practice in this and adjoining counties. Special attention given to the prosecution of claims for soldiers, to-wit: Pensions for invalid soldiers, widows, fathers, mothers, and sisters under sixteen; bounties and back pay for soldiers, widows, fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers under sixteen; claims for lost horses and equipment, for property lost or destroyed, and property taken by Government, &c., upon terms the most reasonable.
323m

Zook & VanBuskirk,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Real Estate, Claim Agents, and Conveyancers,
OREGON, - - - MISSOURI.

WILL give special attention to the collection of claims, the sale of lands, the payment of taxes for non-residents, and the redemption of delinquent lands for Northwest Mo.
OFFICE—One door West of City Hotel.
n1-ly

R. D. MARKLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI,
OFFICE—Southeast room in court house.

WILL give prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care in the Twelfth Judicial District.
n1-ly

T. W. COLLINS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OREGON, MO.

OFFICE—In Brick Block, Northwest corner Public Square.

WILL practice in the courts of Holt and adjoining counties.
n1-ly

T. H. PARRISH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oregon, Mo., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care, in North-West Missouri and Kansas.
Office—One door west City Hotel, up stairs.
n1-ly

JAMES SCOTT,
TAX-PAYING AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Oregon, Holt County, Mo.

WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Has a number of good farms for sale.
OFFICE—At Residence.
n6-ly

DR. H. M. WILSON,
OCULIST,
FOREST CITY, MO.

SPECIAL attention given to the treatment of all diseases of the Eye. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.
OFFICE—At Residence.
n17-6m

J. S. HUMPS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—At Peter's Drug Store,
OREGON, - - - MISSOURI.

TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention, day or night.
n2-ly

DR. J. P. YOUNG,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
FOREST CITY, MO.

TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention, day or night.
n24 6m

DR. C. S. MEEK,
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention, day or night, except when professionally engaged.
OFFICE—At Residence.
n46m

JAMES H. NIBS,
Dealer in Stoves,
Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware,
Northwest corner of Public Square,
OREGON, - - - MISSOURI.

Old Copper, Brass, and Pewter taken in exchange for Tin, &c.
n30-1y

Business Cards.

A. C. BEVAN,
HOUSE, SIGN, & ORNAMENTAL PAINTER
OREGON, MISSOURI.

SHOP—Over Walker & Nolan's Blacksmith Shop, n1-ly

CHARLES S. BIGGERS,
MOUND CITY, MO.,
IN PREPARATION TO DO

Blacksmithing and Turning Iron,
—ALSO—
Manufacture and Repair Mill Irons, Spindles, Steep Gudgeons, Saut Spindles, &c.,
n17-6m

HAMILTON BELL,
DEALER IN
DRUGS AND GROCERIES,
MOUND CITY, MO.,

DESIRE to inform the public of Mound City, and vicinity, that he has just opened a large stock of above, which he offers at the **Lowest Possible Figures.**
n18-ly

WILLIAM BASKINS,
BLACKSMITH,
OREGON, - - - MISSOURI.

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Holt County and the public generally that he is prepared to do Blacksmithing in its various branches, promptly and on reasonable terms.
SHOP—Second building east of City Hotel.
n1-ly

STUPPY & BEHR,
No. 16, North 5th st.,
ST. JOSEPH, - - - MISSOURI.

DEALERS IN
Pianos, and Prince's Celebrated Organs, Melodeons,
(All warranted for five years.)
Violins, Guitars, Flutes, &c., &c.
Fine assortment of Sheet Music, Genuine Italian and German Violin Strings, always on hand.
n29-5m

PRICE HOUSE,
PETER PRICE, Proprietor,
West Side Public Square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.

The citizens of the county and the traveling public are informed that this house is still open and in good repair, with accommodations for the comfort of boarders and travelers. The house has with it a good stable for horses and a lot for teams and loose stock. Thankful for past and present patronage I solicit a share in the future.
n23-ly

CITY HOTEL,
Oregon, Missouri.

MARY A. KEEVES & D. W. MARTIN, Prop'rs.
This house has a superior location, being within two minutes walk of the post office and court house; is on a main street running east and west. It has recently changed proprietors and has undergone a thorough renovation and refitting, thus making it equal in its appointments to any first class hotel in the west. Its tables will always be filled with the best market affords. There is a stable, well furnished and convenient connected with the house.
n18-ly

GEO. P. LUCKHARDT,
OREGON, - - - MISSOURI.

PHOTOGRAPHER,
I am prepared to do any thing in my line of business. Pictures, such as

AMBOTYPES, FERROTYPES,
&c., &c.,
Taken in a superior manner, and at **Low Prices.**
n1-ly

T. & S. HALL,
OREGON, - - - MISSOURI.

DEALERS IN
Groceries, Confectioneries, Tobacco, and Fine Cigars.
TOYS AND NOTIONS,
Embracing in part

Oysters, Canned Fruits, Pickles, Salt Fish, Sardines, Nuts, Fine Teas, &c., etc.
n124 6m

CHRISTIAN KRAUSS.
ALBERT RECKER.

KRAUSS & RECKER,
n124 6m

BREWERS,
FOREST CITY, - - - MISSOURI.

HAVING enlarged their Brewery, they are now ready to supply their customers with good Beer, in such quantities as may be desired. Come and try it.
n10-6m

THE Lady's Friend,
The Best of the Monthlies—devoted to Fashion and pure literature. Two dollars and fifty cents a year; two copies four dollars; eight (and one gratis) sixteen dollars. Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines given as premiums. Send 15 cents for a sample copy to Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single numbers for sale by the news dealers.

THE MARCHIONESS AND THE TWO COUNTS.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Is that necessary?"
"Beyond a doubt. Ambition—what is it but honors, wealth, the envious look of impotent rivals, the admiration of the crowd, the favors of monarchs? And is not one's love unanswerable and most triumphantly proved, on laying all this at the feet of the woman whom he adores?"

"You may be right."
"I may be right, Marchioness! listen to me, my fair lady love."

"I am all attention, my Lord."
"Between us both we were well born, and consort not with plebeians, that vulgar and sentimental sort of love which is painted by those who write books for your mantuamaker and chambermaids, would be in exceedingly bad taste. It would be but slighting love and making no account of its enjoyment, were we to go and bury it in some obscure corner of the provinces or in Paris—where, who belong to Versailles—living away there with it, in monotonous solitude and unchanging contemplation!"

"Ah!" said the Marchioness, "you think so?"

"Tell me, rather, of fetes that dazzle one with lights, with noise, with smiles, with wit, through which one glides intoxicated, with the fair conquest in triumph on one's arm. Why hide one's happiness, in place of parading it? The jealousy of the world does but increase and cannot diminish it. My uncle, the cardinal, stands well in court. He has the King's ear, and will, ere long, procure me one of the northern embassies. Cannot you fancy yourself madam the Ambassador, treading on the platform of a drawing room, as royalty with royalty, with the highest nobility of a kingdom—having the men at your feet, and the women on lower seats around you, whilst you yourself are occupant of a throne, and wield a sceptre?"

And as Count de Beaugency warmed with his own eloquence, he gently slid from his seat to the knees of Marchioness, whose hand he covered with kisses.

She listened to him, with a smile on her lips, and then abruptly said to him: "Rise, my Lord, and hear me in turn. Are you in truth sincerely attached to me?"

"With my soul, Marchioness!"

"Are you prepared to make every sacrifice?"

"Every one, my lady."

"That is fortunate indeed, for to be prepared for all, is to accomplish all, without the slightest difficulty; and it is but a single one that I require."

"Oh, speak! Must a throne be conquered?"

"By no means. You must only call to mind that you own a fine chateau in Poitou."

"Pooh!" said Beaugency; "a shed!"

"Every man's house is his castle," replied the widow; "and having called it to mind, you need only order post horses."

"For what purpose?"

"To carry me off to Courlaac. It is there that your almoner shall unite us, in the chapel, in the presence of your domestics and your vassals, our only witnesses?"

"A singular whim, Marchioness; but I submit to it."

"Very well. We will set out this evening. Ah! I forgot."

"What, further?"

"Before starting, you will send in your resignation to the King."

Count de Beaugency almost bounded from his seat.

"Do you dream of that Marchioness?"

"Assuredly. You will not at Courlaac be able to perform your duties at court."

"And on returning?"

"We will not return," slowly ejaculated Count de Beaugency. "Where then shall we proceed?"

"No where. We remain at Courlaac."

"All the summer?"

"And all the winter. I count upon settling myself there, after our marriage. I have a horror of the court. I do not like the turmoil. Grandeur wears me out. I look forward only to a simple and charming country life—to the tranquil and happy existence of the forgotten lady of the castle. What matters it to you. You are ambitious for my life's sake. I care but little for my life's sake. You ought to care for it still, since you are in love with me."

"But, Marchioness—"

"Hush! it's a bargain. Still for form's sake, give me an hour to reflect. There pass out that way; go in to the winter drawing room that you will find at the end of the gallery, and send me your answer upon a leaf of your tablets. I am about to complete my toilet, which I left unfinished to receive you."

And the Marchioness opened a door, bowed Beaugency into the corridor, and closed the door upon him.

"Marchioness," cried the King, from his hiding place and through the screen, "you will offer Count de Menneval the embassy of Prussia, which I promise you for him."

"And you will not emerge from your retreat?"

"Certainly not! It is far more amusing to remain behind the scenes. One hears all, laughs at one's ease, and is not troubled with saying anything."

It struck two. Count de Menneval was announced. His majesty remained snug, and shamed dead.

Count de Menneval was at all points a cavalier who yielded nothing to his rival, Count de Beaugency. He was fair. He had a blue eye, a broad forehead, a mouth that wore a dreamy expression, and that somewhat pensive air which became so well the troubadours of France in the olden time.

He was timid, but he passionately loved the beautiful widow; and his dearest dream was of passing his whole life at her feet, in well chosen retirement, far from those envious lookers-on, who are ever ready to fling their sarcasm on quiet happiness, and who dissemble their envy under a cloak of philosophic scepticism.

He trembled as he entered the Marchioness' boudoir. He remained standing before her, and blushed as he kissed her hand. At length, encouraged by a smile, emboldened by the solemnity of this coveted interview, he spoke to her of his love, with a poetic simplicity and an unpremeditated warmth of heart—the genuine enthusiasm of a priest, who has faith in the object of his adoration.

As he spoke, the Marchioness sighed, and said within herself:

"He is right. Love is happiness. Love is to be two indeed, but one at the same time; and to be free from those importunate intermeddlers, the indifference or the mocking attention of the world."

She remembered, however, the advice of the King and thus addressed the Count:

"What will you indeed do, my Lord, in order to convince me of your affections?"

"All that man can do."

The Count was less bold than Beaugency, who had talked of conquering a throne. He was probably more sincere.

"I am ambitious," said the widow.

"Ah!" replied Count de Menneval, sorrowfully.

"And I would that the man whom I marry should aspire to everything, and achieve everything."

"I will try so to do, if you wish it."

"Listen; I give you an hour to reflect. I am, you know, the King's god-daughter. I have begged of him an embassy for you."

"Ah," said Count de Menneval with indifference.

"He has granted my request. If you love me, you will accept the offer. We will be married this evening, and your Excellency the ambassador to Prussia, will set off for Berlin immediately after the nuptials. Reflect; I grant you an hour."

"It is useless," answered Count de Menneval; "I have no need of reflection, for I love you. Your wishes are my orders; to obey you is my sole desire. I accept the embassy."

"Never mind," she said trembling with joy and blushing deeply. "Pass into the room wherein you were just now waiting. I must complete my toilet and I shall then be at your service. I will summon you."

The Marchioness handed out the second Count by the right hand door as she had handed out the first by the left, and then said to herself, "I shall be prettily embarrassed if Count de Beaugency should consent to end his days at Courlaac!"

Thereupon the King removed the screen and re-appeared.

His majesty stepped quietly to the round table whereon he had replaced the oranges, and took up one of them.

"Ah," exclaimed the Marchioness, "I perceive, sire, that you foresee the difficulty that is about to spring up and go back accordingly to the oranges in order to settle it."

As his sole reply, Louis XV. took a small ivory-handled pen-knife from his waistcoat pocket, made an incision in

the rind of the orange, and offered one to the astonished Marchioness.

"But, sire, what are you doing?" was her eager inquiry.

"You see that I am eating the orange."

"But—"

"It was of no manner of use to us."

"You have decided then?"

"Unquestionably. Count de Menneval loves you better than Count de Beaugency."

"That is not quite certain yet, let us wait."

"Look," said the King pointing to the valet who entered with a note from Beaugency. "You'll soon see."

The widow opened the note, and read: "MADAM—I love you—heaven is my witness; and to give you up is the most cruel of sacrifices. But I am a nobleman. A nobleman belongs to the King. My life, my blood are his. I cannot, without a forfeit of my loyalty, abandon his service."

"Et setera," chimed in the King, "as was observed by the Abbe Fleury, my tutor. Marchioness, call in Count de Menneval."

Count de Menneval entered, and was greatly troubled to see the King in the widow's boudoir.

"Count," said his majesty, "Lord de Beaugency was deeply in love with the Marchioness; but he was more deeply still in love—since he would not renounce it, to please her—with the embassy of Prussia. And you, you love the Marchioness much better than you love me, since you would only enter my service for her sake. This leads me to believe that you would be but a lukewarm public servant; and then Count de Beaugency will make an excellent Ambassador. He will start for Berlin this evening; and you shall marry the Marchioness. I will be present at the ceremony."

"Marchioness," whispered Louis XV. in the ear of his god-daughter, "true love is that which does not shrink from a sacrifice."

And the King peeled the second orange, and ate it, as he placed the hand of the widow in that of de Menneval.

Then he added:

"I have been making three persons happy: the Marchioness, whose indecision I have relieved; the Count de Menneval, who shall marry her; and Count de Beaugency, who will perchance prove a sorry Ambassador. In all this, I have neglected my own interest for I have been eating the oranges without sugar—and yet they pretend to say that I am a selfish monarch!"

Greeley and the Tribune.

A New York correspondent of the Chicago Republican under date Jan. 24th writes as follows of HORACE GREELEY and his paper.

Few men have more influence in the country than Horace Greeley. People laugh at his dress, his untidy rig, his slouching gait and ungainly manners; but his name is a tower of strength to any cause, and papers that decry his influence, judgement and common sense—call him a visionary and one full of vagaries—rarely allow an editorial of his to pass unnoticed and mark as a fact quite significant, when he is on the floor of Congress or has an interview with the President. The humane, childlike and Catholic spirit of Mr. Greeley attaches his friends to him with links of steel; and no benevolent, humane or religious cause fails to find in him an advocate. Every little while the papers are full of trouble about the Tribune—"Mr. Greeley is in hot water with his associates," or "Mr. Greeley is snubbed, and has to take a back seat in the concern," or "Mr. Greeley is about to leave the Tribune in disgust," etc. Now the fact is that Mr. Greeley never stood stronger in his place as editor-in-chief. The Tribune was never more prosperous or profitable than now, and the dividends were never so large. It is owned by an association. Each one of the staff has his place by an election. It would not be strange if a minority was found at any election; but while it was true that Mr. Greeley, some few years ago had some few votes against him for the post of editor-in-chief, he was elected the last year by a unanimous vote, and his salary raised to the round sum of \$7,000 a year.

He may be radical, but he is popular, and makes the Tribune pay. As soon as the Democrats find out that radicalism pays, they will abandon the trash that has carried the party down below, and will put on their banners, "the rights of all men and victory."

The staff of the Tribune is one of the

most able in the land. The editor-in-chief is Horace Greeley; Sidney Howard Gay is the managing editor—he is the executive head of the concern. Cool, able, courteous and energetic, he has not his equal in the State. Redie Crane is the news editor, J. H. Hasser the night editor, and J. H. Brown the city editor. The financial department is under the charge of S. T. Clark, one of our ablest financiers. Solon Robinson, the agricultural. George Ripley, at one time one of the most eloquent preachers in Boston, is the literary editor. William Winter is the theological. Henry C. Watson, the musical, and Clarence Cook, the art editor. The corps of editorial writers embraces such names as Congdon, Smally, Young, and Wilkeson. A. J. Cummings edits the weekly and semi-weekly. Myron Fox reads all copy, to prevent a repetition in the paper; and D. K. O'Donnell keeps the index.

In addition, the Tribune has a corps of fifteen reporters, second to none in the land. These are detailed for special duty on the police, at fires, at the stock and produce board, on the dry goods market, in the country, or at Brooklyn, at New Jersey, and "all along the shore." The managers of the Tribune are liberal with their employees, and so command such talent as they need. Such is the enterprise of this famed sheet.

The Profits of Advertising.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

Sir.—In a discussion to-day about the profits of advertising, one of the party stated that Holmbold is paying the Tribune \$10,000 per year for advertising. Is it true that any druggist can afford to pay such sums for advertising?

A Boston Druggist.

Boston, Nov. 11, 1865.

REPLY.

It is a matter that concerns a "Boston Druggist" and all business men, and we may as well state that Holmbold is paying the Tribune over \$20,000 this year. He paid us \$1,500 for one insertion of one page in the Weekly Tribune, besides his column in the Daily Tribune. Bonner once paid us \$3,000 for one insertion of an advertisement of the Ledger. He knew that by judiciously advertising he could insure a fortune. The old prejudice among druggists and physicians against advertising is dying out, and they, as well as others, see that the cheapest mode whereby they can make themselves and their medicine known to the public, is by a wise and liberal system of advertising. Holmbold discovered this fact, and takes advantage of it.—Editor of the Tribune.

Editorial Courtesy.

Courtesy and politeness are cheaply bought and easily acquired virtues, and yet they are some of the chief ingredients which make life cheerful and happy. How much more desirable it is to meet one who is ever radiant with cheerful smiles, than the cold, surly and snarling man, who meets the kindest approaches with cold, snappish words. Again, how pleasant to see men, who may have occasion to allude to each other, to do so in as indirect and courteous a manner as possible. Thus, parliamentary courtesy requires that no brother member of a legislative body should be alluded to by name, but as "the gentleman from Platte" or "Senator from Missouri," as the case may be. So, likewise, editorial courtesy and etiquette require that no member of the fraternity should be called by name if it can be avoided. It is more agreeable and much more in keeping with good breeding to say "the Editor of the Knickerbocker," than to broadly call him "John Jones"; especially when the name thus called, is connected with words conveying disrespect. The Editor who habitually violates this well known rule, will be set down as devoid of the amenities which make life cheerful, happy, and pleasant. To be polite costs but little, yet it is worth a great deal to society; and laws as unrelenting as those which the Creator has written in "Nature's book," will reward the man who observes the rules of politeness in his intercourse with his fellow men, and condemn him who constantly disregards them.—[Weston Times.]

A wag having married a girl named Church, says he enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did before.